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CEREBUS

bi-weekly

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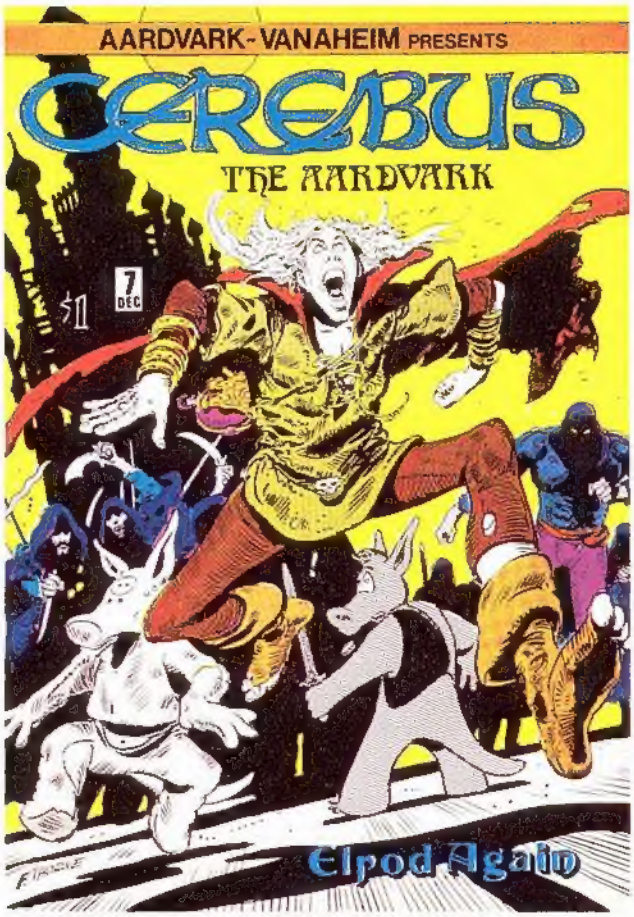

reprinting Cerebus number seven (1978) in its entirety

February 24, 1989

CEREBUS
bi-weekly
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CIRCULATION
20,000

DAVE SIM
President

KAREN McKIEL
Administrator

published by Aardvark-Vanaheim, Box 1674, Stn. C., Kitchener, Ontario N2G 4R2

The inside front cover of Cerebus 1 to 70 featured a 'Note from the Publisher' written by Deni Loubert. Dave Sim and Deni Loubert were married from October 6, 1978 to August 20, 1983. Deni Loubert currently resides in Long Beach, California and is the owner and publisher of Renegade Press, 2705 East 7th St., Long Beach, CA., 90804.

CEREBUS

A Brief Note

This issue was, once again, a busy one. Between issues six and seven Dave and I were married. I thought you might enjoy the picture above where we were toasting with - you guessed it - apricot brandy!!

Another nice thing that happened is we received a letter from Henning Kure of A/S Interpresse in Denmark. He is preparing an eighty-page magazine with stories by Brunner and Leiloha and he wants to publish CEREBUS in it. He is going to have it translated to Danish. That will be something to look forward to seeing!!

Lastly, in this issue, our old friend Elrod is back, and he hasn't changed a bit, unfortunately for CEREBUS. The results are as funny as ever, so sit back and - enjoy!!

CEREBUS THE AARDVARK is published by Aardvark-Vanaheim Press, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada, N2G 1W5. Published bi-monthly. Denise Loubert, publisher. All contents © 1978 Dave Sim. Printed by Fairway Press. Vol. 1 no. 7, December 1978-January 1979.

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The introduction below was written for **Swords of Cerebus**, six volumes of which were published reprinting Cerebus 1 to 25. It was written in 1981.

CEREBUS No. 7 (December 1978 - January 1979)

"The Return of Elrod."

This story was another small step forward. Having managed to sustain two (count 'em two) plots in No. 6, I was ready for some experimenting ... this time the developing of a mistaken identity segment, timing it so that the overlapping action follows plausibly. It wasn't a new idea, but it is a lot more difficult to do on paper than it is to watch develop in a movie or on a television sitcom. This was still primarily an intimidating time period, as far as stretching my abilities. My tendency was toward this kind of trade-off in the writing stage -- if I'm going to do a mistaken identity scene, which required thought for accurate pacing, I better put Elrod in this issue, since his dialogue and pacing were easy for me to work with. I resolved to stay away from these "Cerebus as Messiah" stories when I was done this one. It *is* an aspect of Cerebus' future, but it by no means influences his present actions to any large degree. Issues 5 and 7 were intended as complimentary stories. "Aardvarks have been around for a while and they tend to do highly noticeable things" was the message. Just file it away for now.

As for the art, this issue was my first radical departure from my intention to be a major Barry Smith sequal -- the cross-hatching on the splash page. I was trying to find a Barry Smith-style texture that would allow me to render the webbing in two different shades. I broke down and did tight weave cross-hatching even though Smith had never used it.

Suddenly I was free.

Why -- I bet I could do anything I wanted!

I mulled that over while I opened the story on a snowy expanse of flatland. I mulled it over for four and a half pages of white flatland. I mulled it over for three panels of priests lighting candles.

And then page seven.

BAM!

A pseudo-art nouveau background design, cross-hatch shadows, warped bricks drawn with short parallel strokes, two wall decorations of differing sizes, a stuffed polar bear, two bird's eye view panels, one of which has a genuine checker-board bird in it.

I *could* do anything I wanted.

Reverse lettering, borderless panels, high contrast partial silhouettes.

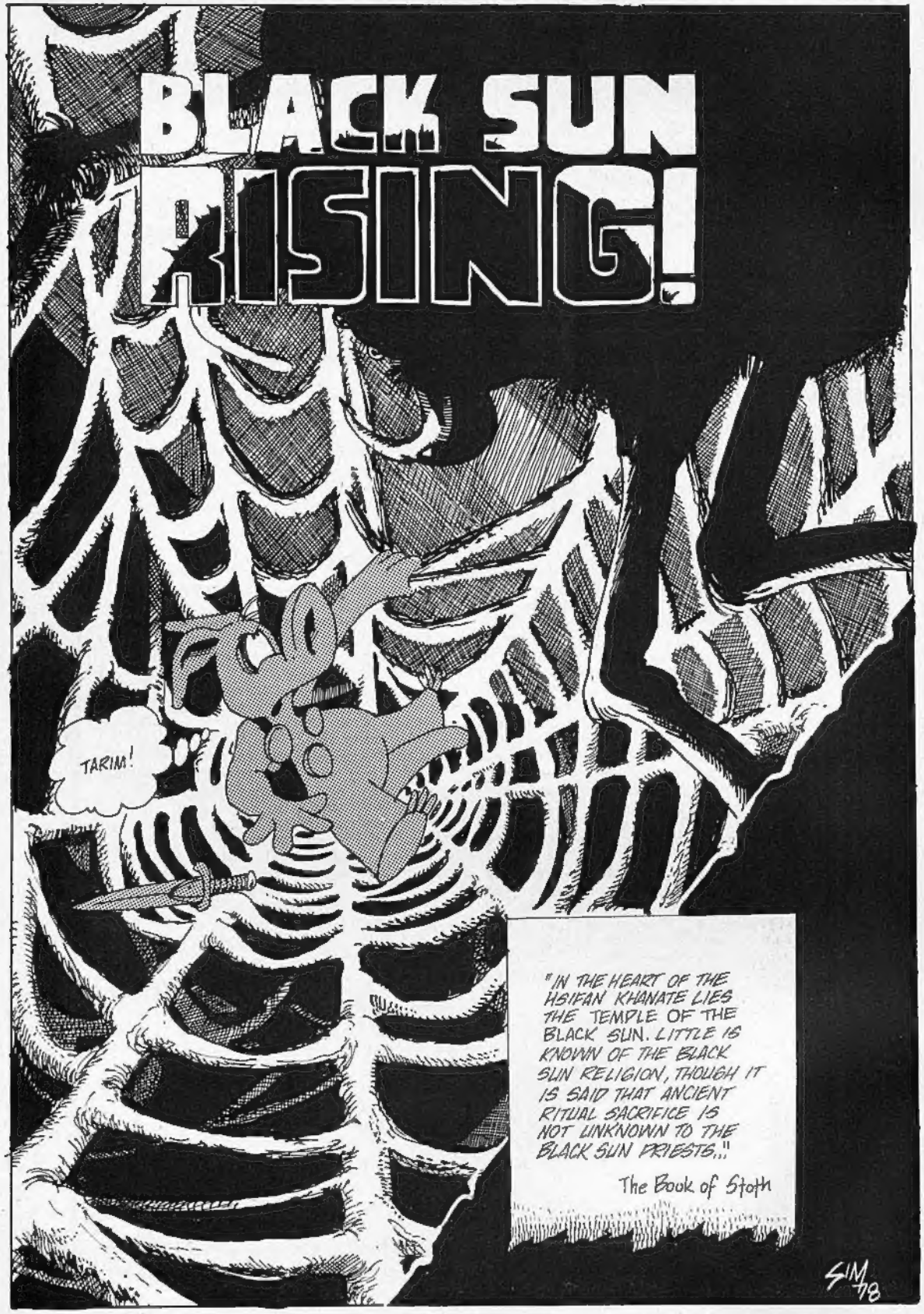
Hey, this is *neat-o!*

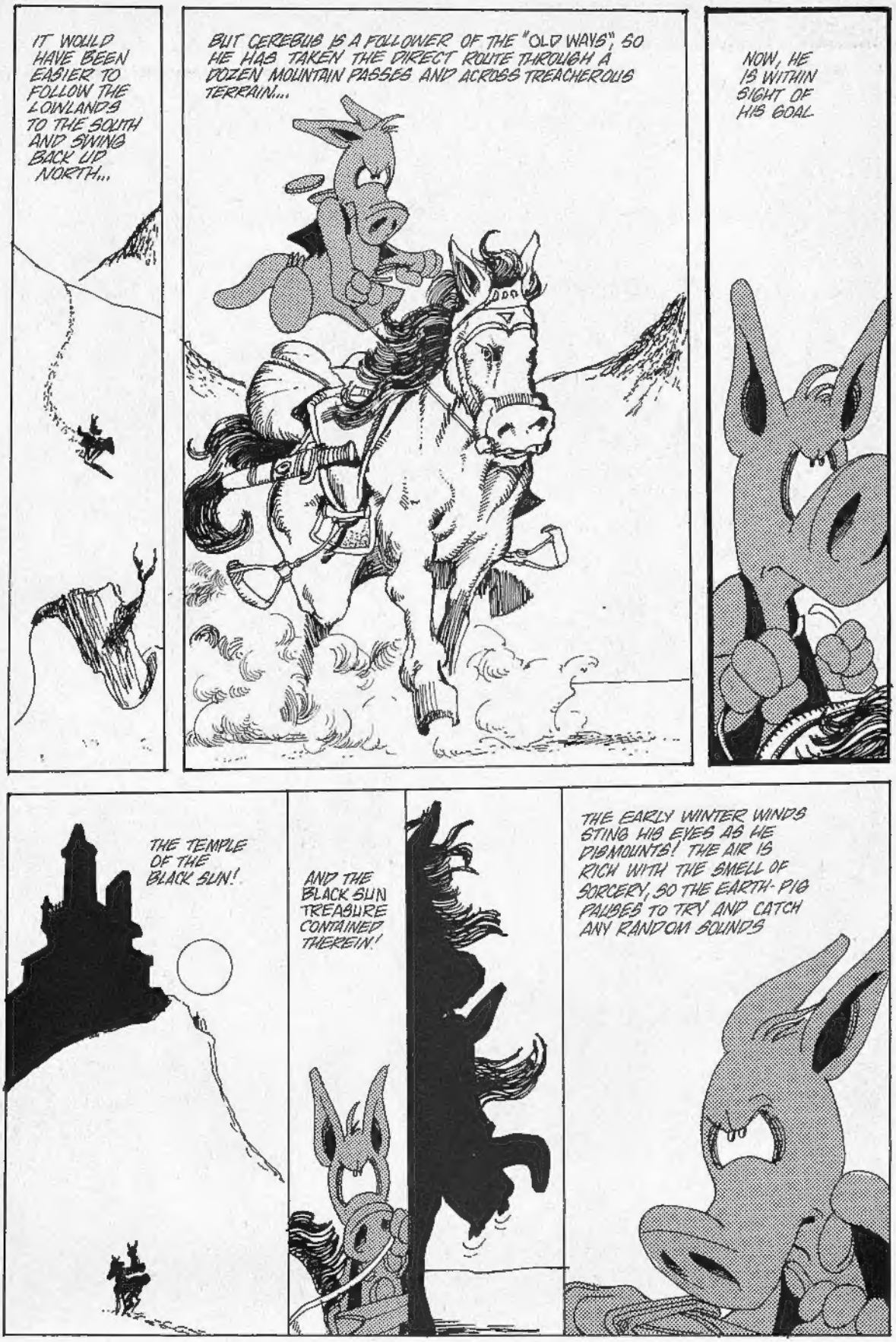
I bet if I call up Frank Thorne, tell him I'm sending him full size xeroxes of the first ten pages, that he'll even draw a cover!

And he *did*, too!

The Cerebus stuffed toy debuted in this issue, as well. Many were the nights that little Sarah Hitchens would be awake into the wee small hours of the morning. Push the needle in, pull the needle out. After about six months, her conversation degenerated into fitful gurglings deep in her throat, punctuated by pithy remarks like "Little gray arms and legs ... Little gray ears and foot-pads! I hate you ... Do you hear me? Hate you!"

Fortunately, time and a saner life style are great healers.


BLACK SUN
RISING!
TARIM!
"IN THE HEART OF THE HSIFAN KHANATE LIES THE TEMPLE OF THE BLACK SUN. LITTLE IS KNOWN OF THE BLACK SUN RELIGION, THOUGH IT IS SAID THAT ANCIENT RITUAL SACRIFICE IS NOT UNKNOWN TO THE BLACK SUN PRIESTS..."
The Book of Stoth
SIM '78


IT WOULD HAVE BEEN EASIER TO FOLLOW THE LOWLANDS TO THE SOUTH AND SWING BACK UP NORTH...
BUT CEREBUS IS A FOLLOWER OF THE "OLD WAYS", SO HE HAS TAKEN THE DIRECT ROUTE THROUGH A DOZEN MOUNTAIN PASSES AND ACROSS TREACHEROUS TERRAIN...
NOW, HE IS WITHIN SIGHT OF HIS GOAL
THE TEMPLE OF THE BLACK SUN!
AND THE BLACK SUN TREASURE CONTAINED THEREIN!
THE EARLY WINTER WINDS STING HIS EYES AS HE DISMOUNTS! THE AIR IS RICH WITH THE SMELL OF SORCERY, SO THE EARTH-PIG PAUSES TO TRY AND CATCH ANY RANDOM SOUNDS

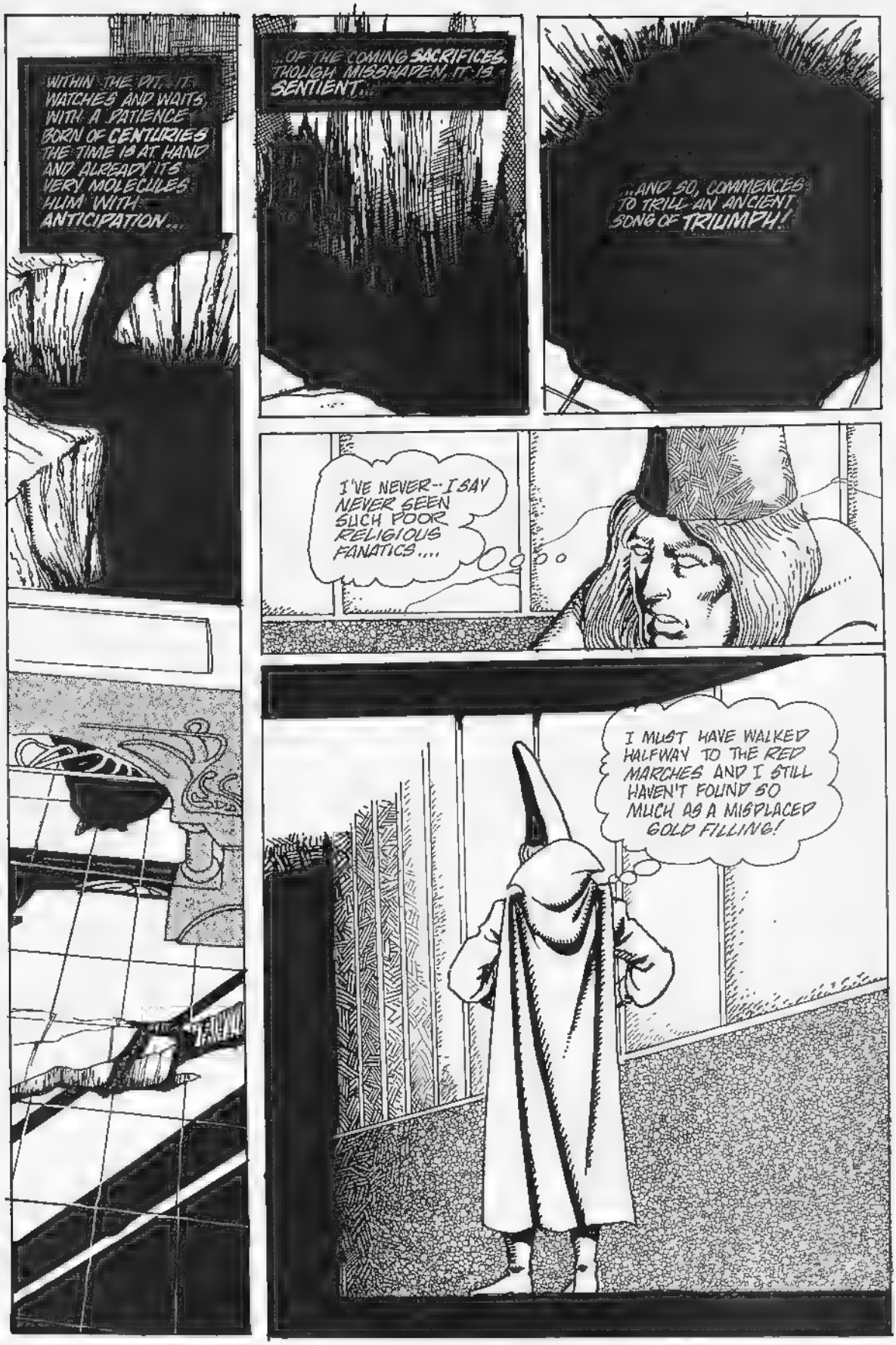
I'M HERE
I'M HERE
LET THE BELLS RING OUT AND THE BANNERS FLY--
FEAST YOUR EYES ON ME!
IT'S TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE
BUT - I'M- HERE--
I-I'M HERE!
IDIOT! YOU'LL HAVE THE WHOLE OF....
ELROD!
WHY--AS I LIVE AND BREATHE! CEREBUS THE AARDVARK!
DID YOU GET INVITED TO THIS HERE SHINDIG, TOO?
SHINDIG?

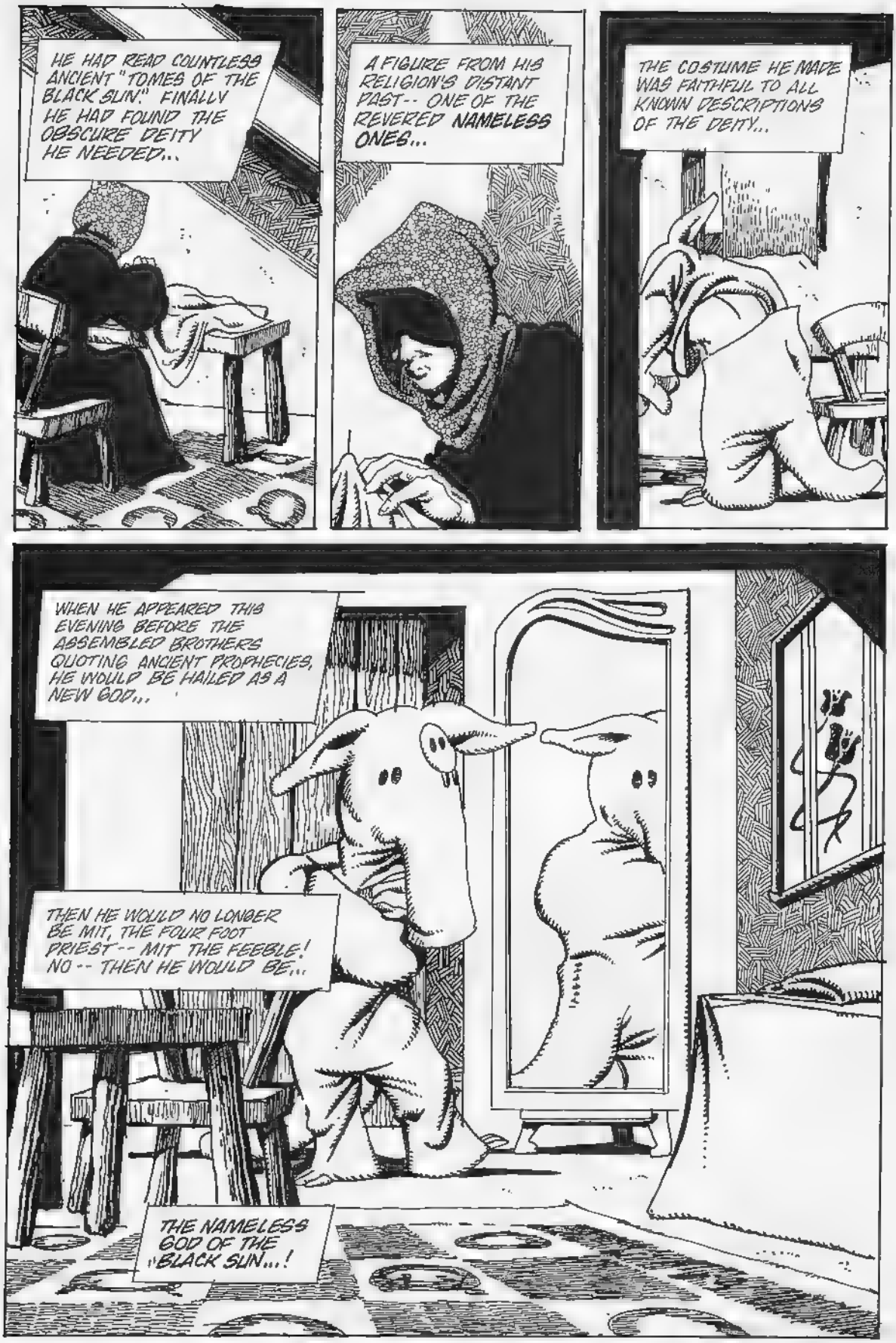
I JUST-I SAY-I JUST HAPPENED TO HEAR ABOUT THIS HERE "FESTIVAL OF THE BLACK SUN"
AND IF THERE'S ANYTHING OLD ELROD IS A PUSHOVER FOR, IT'S A BLACK SUN COCKTAIL... SO I BOUGHT SOME DARK ALE, APRICOT BRANDY AND BOREALAN WHISKEY...
TELL YOU WHAT, SON-- WHAT SAY YOU AND I WHIP UP A PITCHER OF BLACK SUNS AND GET A JUMP ON THE LOCAL YOKELS? WHAT SAY?
WHAT SAY, BOY? HUH? WHAT SAY?
LISTEN TO ME, YOU WHITE-SKINNED, RED-EYED MORON! THE BLACK SUN IS A CULT OF DEATH WORSHIPPERS...
THE CELEBRATION OF THEIR RITES IS A SECRET! IF THEY FIND OUT WE'RE HERE THEY WILL KILL US! THEY ARE COMPLETELY RUTHLESS--DO YOU UNDERSTAND? RUTHLESS!
HEH-HEH-HEH!
HEH-HEH-HEH?

RUTHLESS? YOU GOT -- I SAY -- YOU GOT TAKEN IN -- DUPED, SON! THESE BOYS ARE NO MORE RUTHLESS THAN....
AAAA
W-WHAT -- I SAY - W-WHAT IS THAT?!
ONE OF THEIR VICTIMS ...
...IT'S A WARNING FOR TRESPASSERS...!
WARNING, EH? I TELL YOU WHAT -- YOU CAN FINISH OFF YOUR BUSINESS HERE AND I'LL MEET Y'ALL IN BOREALA WITH TWO ALES ABOUT A WEEK FROM....
AAK
CEREBUS HAS NEED OF YOU HERE -- IF YOU'RE FOUND WANDERING AROUND IT WILL LEAD THEM TO CEREBUS...

YOU'RE BARKING UP THE WRONG ALBINO, SON -- I'M NOBODY'S FLUNKY! --MORON, THAT IS! MY MOTHER DIDN'T RAISE ME TO BE A SECOND FIDDLE BLINK TWICE IF ANY OF THIS IS SINKING IN, SON... I COULD USE THE ENCOURAGEMENT!
SO WHICH ENTRANCE YOU THINK WE OUGHTA TRY?
HOW GO PREPARATIONS FOR THE RITES OF THE THIRD PHASE THIS EVENING...?
ALL IS IN READINESS -- THE FIVE SACRIFICES HAVE BEEN CHOSEN, DARK MAJESTY!
IS THERE NEWS OF THE PIT?
SOME GURGLING NOISES, BUT, AS YET, NO PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS OF THE BLACK SUN'S WILL...
THE FAITHFUL GROW RESTLESS, DARK MAJESTY!
AYE. THIS YEAR, THOUGH, WE SHALL SEE THE FORCE OF THE BLACK SUN...
...I KNOW WE SHALL!

I KNEW IT -- RUNNING AROUND ALL DAY IN THAT BUNNY SUIT HAS FINALLY FRIED THE BOY'S FRONTAL LOBES...
COMPULSIVE BEHAVIOUR IS ONE THING, BUT ONLY A REAL NUT WOULD BREAK INTO A PLACE LIKE THIS TO COUNT BRICKS -- STONE THAT IS...
SURE HOPE HE FINDS IT WHATEVER IT IS -- BOY HIS AGE NEEDS TO FEEL USEFUL!
DON'T MEAN TO RAIN ON YOUR PARADE, SON, BUT MAYBE IF YOU TOLD ME WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, I COULD BUY YOU ONE -- PAY ATTENTION, BOY -- YOU'RE LETTING YOUR MIND WANDER...
CEREBUS DOESN'T WANT YOU TO MAKE ANY NOISE -- WHETHER YOU ARE QUIET AND ALIVE OR QUIET AND DEAD MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO CEREBUS
THINK I'LL SCOUT AROUND FOR SOME LOOT OF MY OWN -- PLACE THIS OLD IS BOUND TO HAVE A SILVER TEA SERVICE SOMEWHERE!


WITHIN THE PIT, IT WATCHES AND WAITS WITH A PATIENCE BORN OF CENTURIES. THE TIME IS AT HAND AND ALREADY ITS VERY MOLECULES HUM WITH ANTICIPATION...
...OF THE COMING SACRIFICES. THOUGH MISSHAPEN, IT IS SENTIENT...
...AND SO, COMMENCES TO TRILL AN ANCIENT SONG OF TRIUMPH!
I'VE NEVER--I SAY NEVER SEEN SUCH POOR RELIGIOUS FANATICS....
I MUST HAVE WALKED HALFWAY TO THE RED MARCHES AND I STILL HAVEN'T FOUND SO MUCH AS A MISPLACED GOLD FILLING!


HE HAD READ COUNTLESS ANCIENT "TOMES OF THE BLACK SUN." FINALLY HE HAD FOUND THE OBSCURE DEITY HE NEEDED...
A FIGURE FROM HIS RELIGION'S DISTANT PAST-- ONE OF THE REVERED NAMELESS ONES...
THE COSTUME HE MADE WAS FAITHFUL TO ALL KNOWN DESCRIPTIONS OF THE DEITY...
WHEN HE APPEARED THIS EVENING BEFORE THE ASSEMBLED BROTHERS QUOTING ANCIENT PROPHECIES, HE WOULD BE HAILED AS A NEW GOD...
THEN HE WOULD NO LONGER BE MIT, THE FOUR FOOT PRIEST-- MIT THE FEEBLE! NO -- THEN HE WOULD BE...
THE NAMELESS GOD OF THE "BLACK SUN...!

THIS IS--I SAY--THIS IS DEPRESSING! IT'S GETTING SO YOU CAN'T COUNT ON PRIESTS TO KEEP STOLEN GOLD AROUND SO'S A BODY CAN STEAL IT!
UNH?
THEY WERE SEEN TUNNELING UNDER THE EAST WALL...
IT WILL TAKE US FIFTEEN MINUTES TO SEAL THE TEMPLE...
THEN WE'LL GET THEM...
REMIND ME TO TALK TO THE DARK MAJESTY ABOUT BUYING A DECENT-LOOKING STATUE FOR THIS HALLWAY...
I DISCOVERED THIS CONCEALED ENTRYWAY A FEW MONTHS AGO...
THE REAR OF THE PIT--I CAN WATCH THE CEREMONY
AND AT THE APPROPRIATE MOMENT, A COUPLE OF SMOKE BOMBS WILL AID MY "RESURRECTION"

SO THERE YOU ARE SON--I HOPE YOU FOUND WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR...
'CAUSE IN ABOUT TWO MINUTES, THIS PLACE IS GOING TO BE SWARMING WITH ANGRY PRIESTS--AND I THINK WE SHOULD MAKE OURSELVES SCARCE...
ZIP
ZIP
ZIP
ABSENT, THAT IS!
CEREBUS HAS FOUND HIS TREASURE, ALBINO! IN A FEW MINUTES WE'LL BE...
....Elrod?
WHY, THAT MORONIC HALF-WIT! THAT IDIOT IN ALBINO'S CLOTHING I'LL...
BUMP
CEREBUS WOULD LEAVE HIM TO THE PRIESTS IF CEREBUS WASN'T AFRAID THEY WOULD ONLY TORTURE AND KILL HIM...
THE PROCESSION BEGINS AT MY SIGNAL! THE TEMPLE HAS BEEN SEALED, SO WE WILL LEAVE THE INTRUDERS FATE...
...TO LYRAN THE DEATH-DEALER!

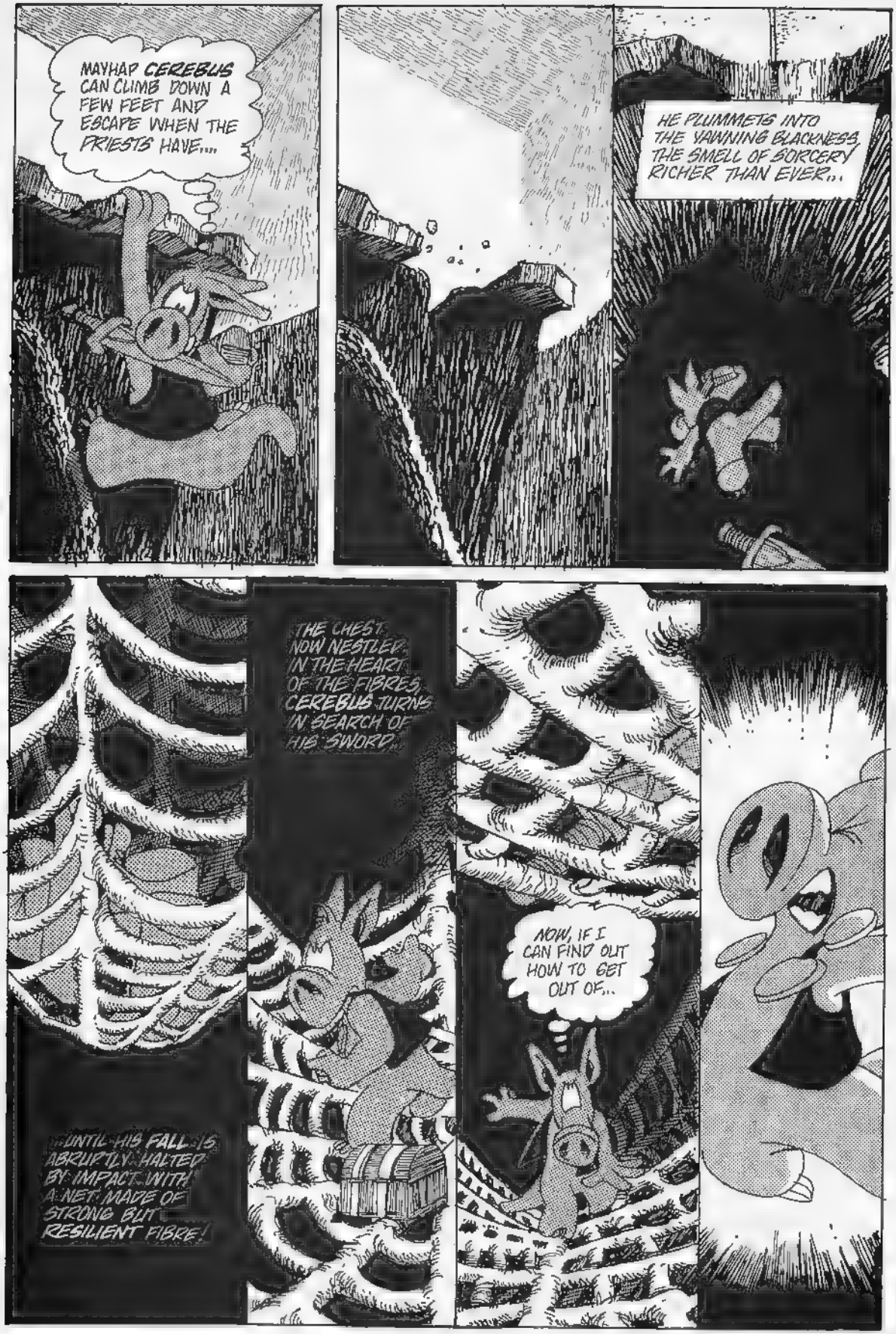
YOU ARE, WITHOUT DOUBT, THE STRANGEST KID I'VE EVER MET, SON!
I LEAVE YOU ALONE FOR TEN -- I SAY TEN MINUTES AND Y'ALL GET WASTED AWAY TO SKIN AND BONES...
NOT TO MENTION THAT YOU FOUND TIME TO DYE YOUR BUNNY SUIT WHITE!
SPEAK UP SON -- YOU SOUND LIKE YOU'RE TALKING THROUGH AN INCH-THICK PIECE OF BURLAP!
AGITATE YOUR LEGS, BOY -- IF THOSE PRIESTS CATCH US, WE HAVEN'T GOT A PRAYER!
THAT'S A JOKE SON! GET IT? PRIESTS? PRAYER?
OH, NEVER MIND!
I KEEP THROWIN' 'EM SON AND YOU KEEP MISSIN' 'EM!
NICE BOY, BUT HE'S ABOUT AS MUCH FUN AS A TOOTHACHE!
HOLD ON, SON -- WE'VE- I SAY -- WE'VE RUN ACROSS ENOUGH BLACK ROBES TO MAKE A SHROUD FOR BOREALA...
NOW JUST KEEP QUIET AND WE ....
AS ONE OF THE ANCIENT NAMELESS ONES, I COMMAND YOU TO SEIZE THIS INFIDEL!

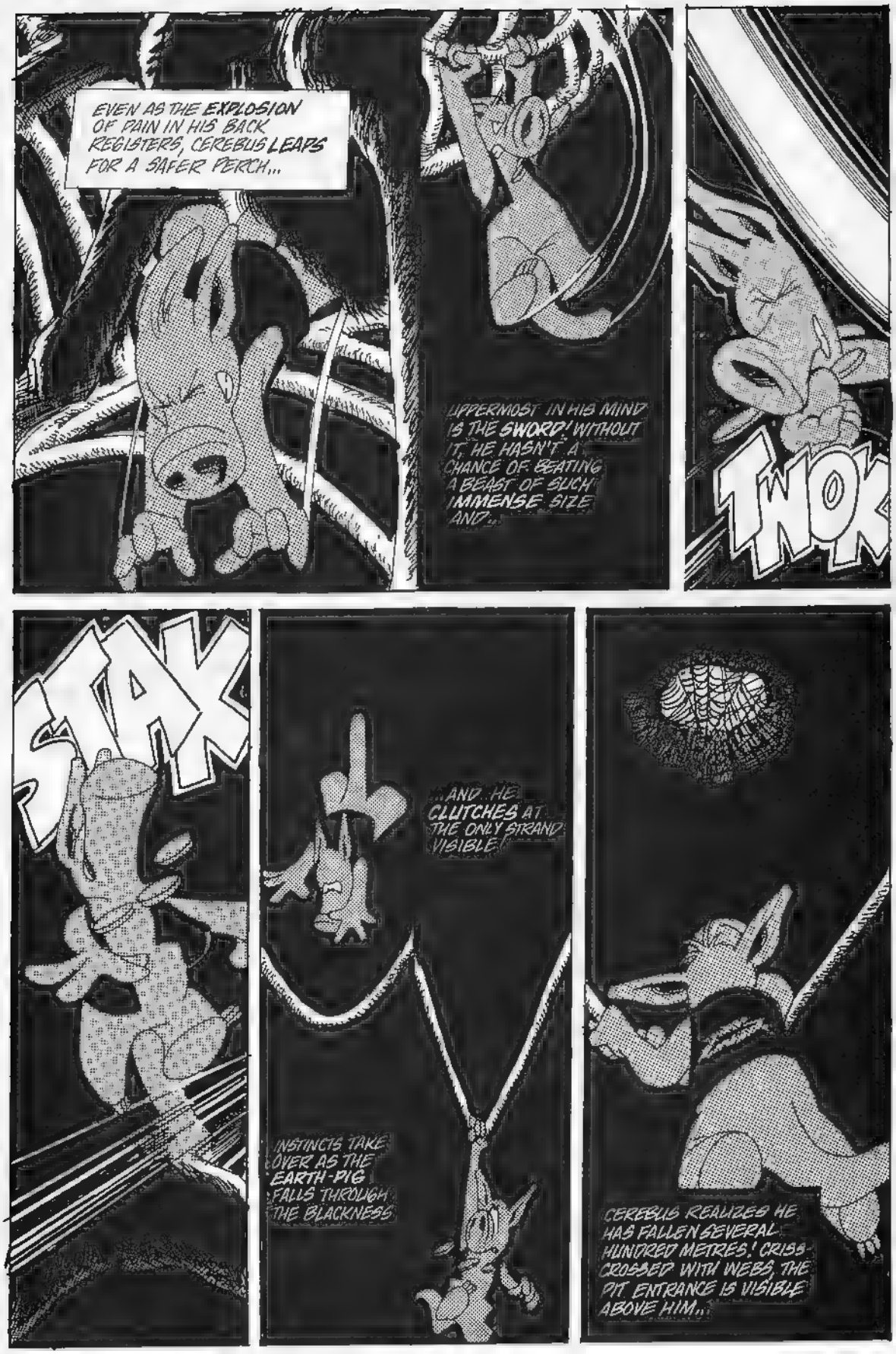
LISTEN TO ME! I'M ELROD THE ALBINO AND AS THE ONLY RULER OF A DYING RACE IN THIS TEMPLE, I DEMAND THAT YOU ARREST THIS KID IN THE BUNNY SUIT!
I WISH HE HADN'T DONE THAT.
ENRAGED BY THE INTERRUPTION, THE BROTHERS OF THE BLACK SUN SURGE FORWARD..
THE SHORT ONE ... IT'S.... MIT?!
ELROD AND MIT, REALIZING THAT NEITHER COMMAND WOULD BE FOLLOWED, SEEK SEPARATE ESCAPE ROUTES..
I'LL GRAB MIT FIRST OF ALL...
AND THEN I'LL GO AFTER THE SKINNY TALL ONE
DAMNED ALBINO! IF I DON'T FIND HIM SOON THE FACT THAT I'M CARRYING TWENTY POUNDS OF UNCUT DIAMONDS IS GOING TO MAKE ME TOO CONTENT TO ENJOY DISMEMBERING HIM...
STOP IN THE NAME OF OUR DARK MAJESTY, TRAITOR!!
SINCE I CAN'T FIND AN IDIOT ALBINO, I'LL JUST HAVE TO SETTLE FOR A HOODED MORON!

CRUK
IT'S VERY IMPORTANT WHEN YOU'RE A DEATH-DEALER TO KNOW WHEN YOUR OPPONENT HAS GOTTEN LUCKY!
YOU SHOULD ALWAYS GET RIGHT BACK UP AND TRY AGAIN...
HE WAS RIGHT BEHIND ME--I KNOW HE WAS RIGHT BEHIND ME--WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM? MAYBE HE'S SETTING A TRAP FOR ME! THAT'S PROBABLY IT
YOU SURE GOT A LUCKY PUNCH IN THERE, MIT-- YES! A REAL GOOD ONE! BUT THE FUN AND GAMES ARE OVER!
DON'T EXPECT ME TO GO EASY ON YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE SO SHORT--INVOKING THE NAMELESS ONES WITH NO AUTHORIZATION FROM...
UGH
EVEN FOR A PRIEST YOU TALK TOO MUCH
FASCINATING THE GIBBERISH THESE HUMANS COME UP WITH...
CEREBUS WONDERS WHO THESE NAMELESS ONES ARE--OR WHO MIT IS FOR THAT MATTER!

THAT'S IT--WHEN MIT CAN BEAT LIRAN UP, IT'S TIME TO RETIRE, GIVE UP REBIGN!
UNH! I CAN BARELY WALK!
I'LL TELL YOU, MY FRIEND, IT'S A PRIEST-EAT-PRIEST WORLD IN HERE! THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEONE WHO...
OH TARIM! IT'S HIM!
AAAAAA
I DON'T--I SAY- I DON'T BELIEVE IT! A CORRIDOR THAT ISN'T DECORATED IN WALL-TO-WALL PRIESTS!
AHA!
THERE YOU ARE SON...!
ELROD! I'VE WANTED TO HAVE A WORD WITH YOU FOR THE LAST...
DON'T TRY TO APOLOGIZE, YOU TURNCOAT! ONCE I GET YOU OUT OF THIS BUNNY SUIT I'M GONNA TEACH Y'ALL A LESSON, SON!

TWA
ARE YOU COMING OR NOT, ALBINO? CEREBUS PLANS TO LEAVE BEFORE THE PRIESTS...
...PRIESTS?
OH NO! YOU ALL GOT ME WITH THAT ONE LAST TIME! NOT AGAIN! NOSIREE! I'D TRUST YOU ABOUT AS FAR AS I COULD THROW YOU...!
DAMNED ALBINO CONFUSED CEREBUS SO BADLY I FORGOT TO DISMEMBER HIM!
SOUNDS TO CEREBUS LIKE COMPANY IS COMING...
THE TEMPLE IS COMPOSED OF A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS SUCCESSION OF DOORWAYS, STAIRCASES AND CORRIDORS...
THE EARTH-PIG'S THEORY IS SOUND! KEEP AHEAD OF THE PRIESTS AND TRY TO PROCEED IN ONE GENERAL DIRECTION...
BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU REACH THE BOTTOM OF ONE THOSE STAIRCASES, PASS THROUGH ONE OF THOSE DOORWAYS AND FIND YOURSELF FACED WITH A GAPING PIT?
A GAPING PIT FROM WHICH ISSUES AN ODDLY DISTURBING TRILLING SOUND...

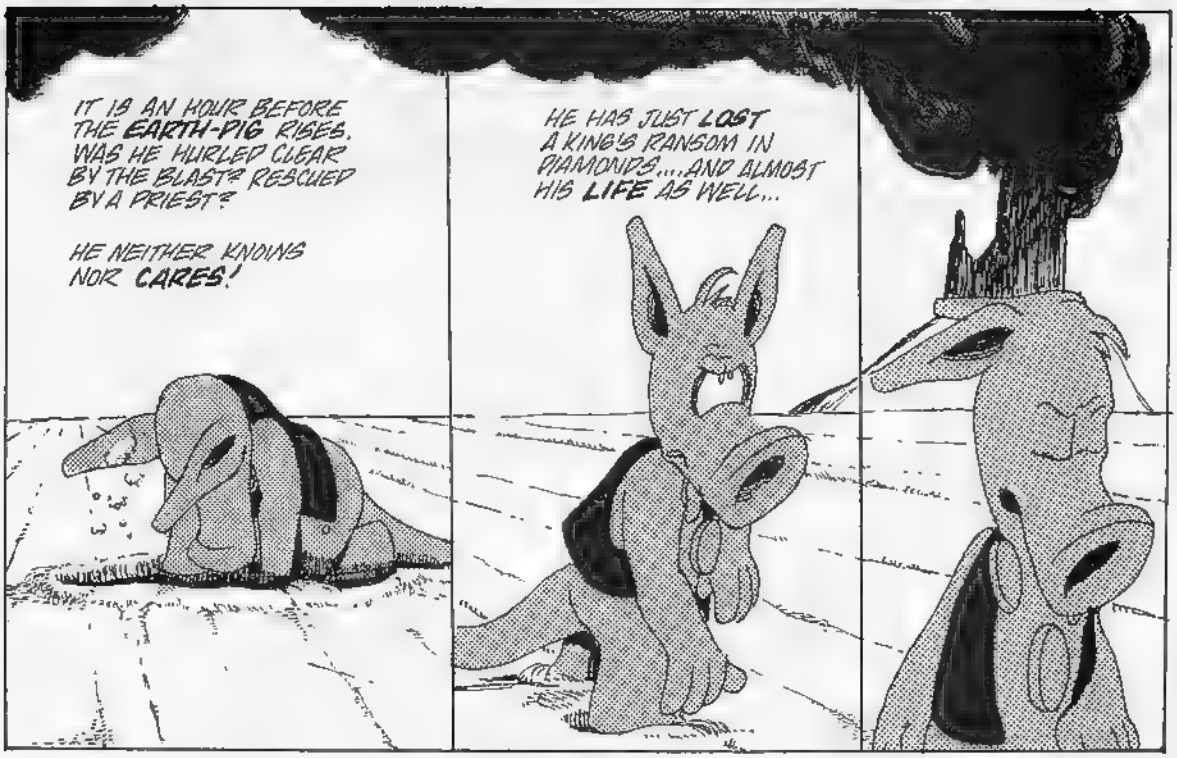

MAYHAP CEREBUS CAN CLIMB DOWN A FEW FEET AND ESCAPE WHEN THE PRIESTS HAVE...
HE PLUMMETS INTO THE YAWNING BLACKNESS, THE SMELL OF SORCERY RICHER THAN EVER...
THE CHEST NOW NESTLED IN THE HEART OF THE FIBRES, CEREBUS TURNS IN SEARCH OF HIS SWORD...
...UNTIL HIS FALL IS ABRUPTLY HALTED BY IMPACT WITH A NET MADE OF STRONG BUT RESILIENT FIBRE!
NOW, IF I CAN FIND OUT HOW TO GET OUT OF...

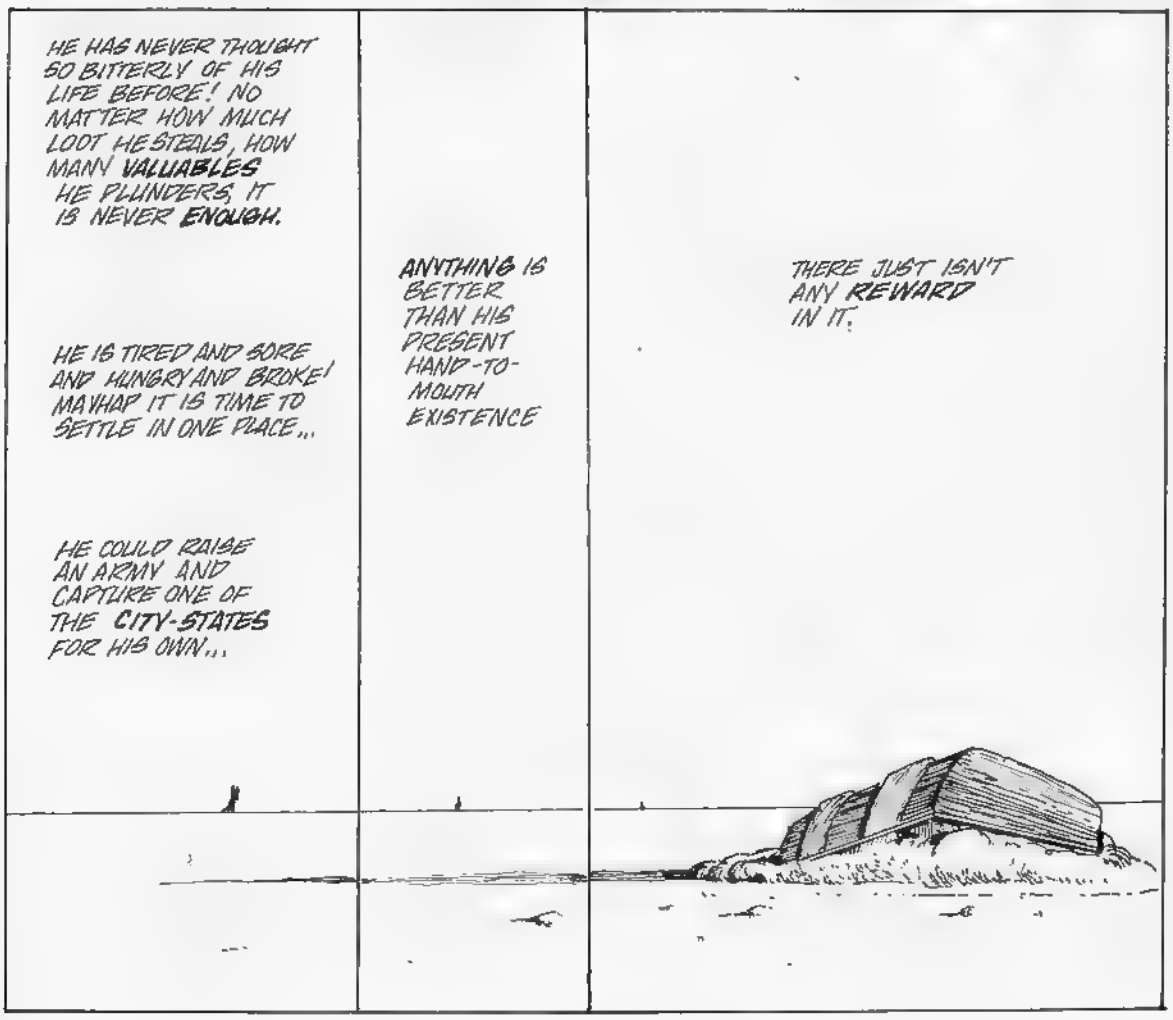

EVEN AS THE EXPLOSION OF PAIN IN HIS BACK REGISTERS, CEREBUS LEAPS FOR A SAFER PERCH...
UPPERMOST IN HIS MIND IS THE SWORD! WITHOUT IT, HE HASN'T A CHANCE OF BEATING A BEAST OF SUCH IMMENSE SIZE AND...
TWOK
STAK
...AND...HE CLUTCHES AT THE ONLY STRAND VISIBLE!
INSTINCTS TAKE OVER AS THE EARTH-PIG FALLS THROUGH THE BLACKNESS
CEREBUS REALIZES HE HAS FALLEN SEVERAL HUNDRED METRES! CRISS-CROSSED WITH WEBS, THE PIT ENTRANCE IS VISIBLE ABOVE HIM...

AARDVARKIAN MUSCLES TENSE AS HE GRIPS THE STRAND, BRACING AGAINST IT.
HE WAITS UNTIL THE BEAST IS ALMOST UPON HIM.
AND THEN SWINGS IN A TIGHT CIRCLE...
...LAUNCHING HIMSELF ACROSS THE GAP — ARMS OUTSTRETCHED AND SEEKING A FIRM HANDHOLD ON THE BEAST!
BUT THERE IS NO HANDHOLD!
...FIRM OR OTHERWISE!
THE EARTH-PIG SLIPS INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS AND IS TRIUMPHANTLY HELD ALOFT BY THE SPIDER-BEAST...
EVEN AS THE SURROUNDING WALLS BEGIN A THROBBING VIBRATION AND FRAGMENTS BEGIN TO SHOWER THE PAIR!
ABOVE, AT THE EDGE OF THE PIT, IN THE MIDST OF ARMAGEDDON, THE DARK MAJESTY INTONES CENTURIES-OLD INVOCATIONS...
HE IS THE LEADER OF THE BLACK SUN RELIGION AND SO, THOUGH HE IS PUMMELED BY TONS OF ROCK, HIS VOICE IS FIRM AND CLEAR. TO FALL WOULD BE UNTHINKABLE...

HOVERING ABOVE UNENDING BLACKNESS THE CREATURE PROBES SEEKING A SOUL. IT'S TERROR IS VERY REAL...
FOR ITS VERY WORLD HINGES ON THE FIGURE IT HOLDS LIGHTLY IN ITS GRASP!
IT'S HIGH PITCHED TRILLING ENDS...
AND IS REPLACED BY A LOW AND MOURNFUL DIRGE!
AT THE SURFACE, THE TUMULT ENDS AS ABRUPTLY AS IT BEGAN...
AND IS REPLACED BY A DISTANT AND OMINOUS ROARING...
OUTSIDE, STONE GRINDS AGAINST STONE! THE AIR SEEMS TO GLOW LIKE LIQUID FIRE... THE GROUND HEAVES AND BUCKLES
CEREBUS FEELS A CURIOUS SENSATION OF FALLING...
AND NOTICES AN EIGHT LEGGED MONSTROSITY SPIRALLING INTO OBLIVION BELOW HIM...
EVEN AS EVERYTHING EXPLODES IN A BLINDING FLASH OF WHITE LIGHT!

MY PEOPLE --GONE!
I WAS ONLY SAVED BECAUSE I WAS FORCED TO ESCAPE!
BUT WHAT IS TO BECOME OF M'IT NOW THAT ....
CEREBUS, MY BOY! YOU ALL MADE IT! YOU'RE ALIVE -- FUNCTIONAL THAT IS!
Y'EVEN FOUND TIME TO DYE YOUR BUNNY SUIT WHITE AGAIN...!
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY, SON -- YOU'RE GOING TO SAY THAT THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT... DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, BOY...
IF A KID IN A BUNNY SUIT CAN'T DESTROY A CENTURIES-OLD DEATH CULT FROM TIME-TO-TIME, LIFE WOULDN'T BE WORTH LIVING!
JUST TO SHOW YOU OLD ELROD'S HEART IS IN THE RIGHT PLACE, I'M GOING TO LET YOU BE MY PERSONAL VALET FOR THE TRIP SOUTH -- SIDEKICK THAT IS!
WE'LL START BY TEACHING Y'ALL HOW TO MIX A BLACK SUN!


IT IS AN HOUR BEFORE THE EARTH-PIG RISES. WAS HE HURLED CLEAR BY THE BLAST? RESCUED BY A PRIEST?
HE NEITHER KNOWS NOR CARES!
HE HAS JUST LOST A KING'S RANSOM IN DIAMONDS....AND ALMOST HIS LIFE AS WELL...


HE HAS NEVER THOUGHT SO BITTERLY OF HIS LIFE BEFORE! NO MATTER HOW MUCH LOOT HE STEALS, HOW MANY VALUABLES HE PLUNDERS, IT IS NEVER ENOUGH.
HE IS TIRED AND SORE AND HUNGRY AND BROKE! MAYHAP IT IS TIME TO SETTLE IN ONE PLACE...
HE COULD RAISE AN ARMY AND CAPTURE ONE OF THE CITY-STATES FOR HIS OWN...
ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN HIS PRESENT HAND-TO-MOUTH EXISTENCE
THERE JUST ISN'T ANY REWARD IN IT.

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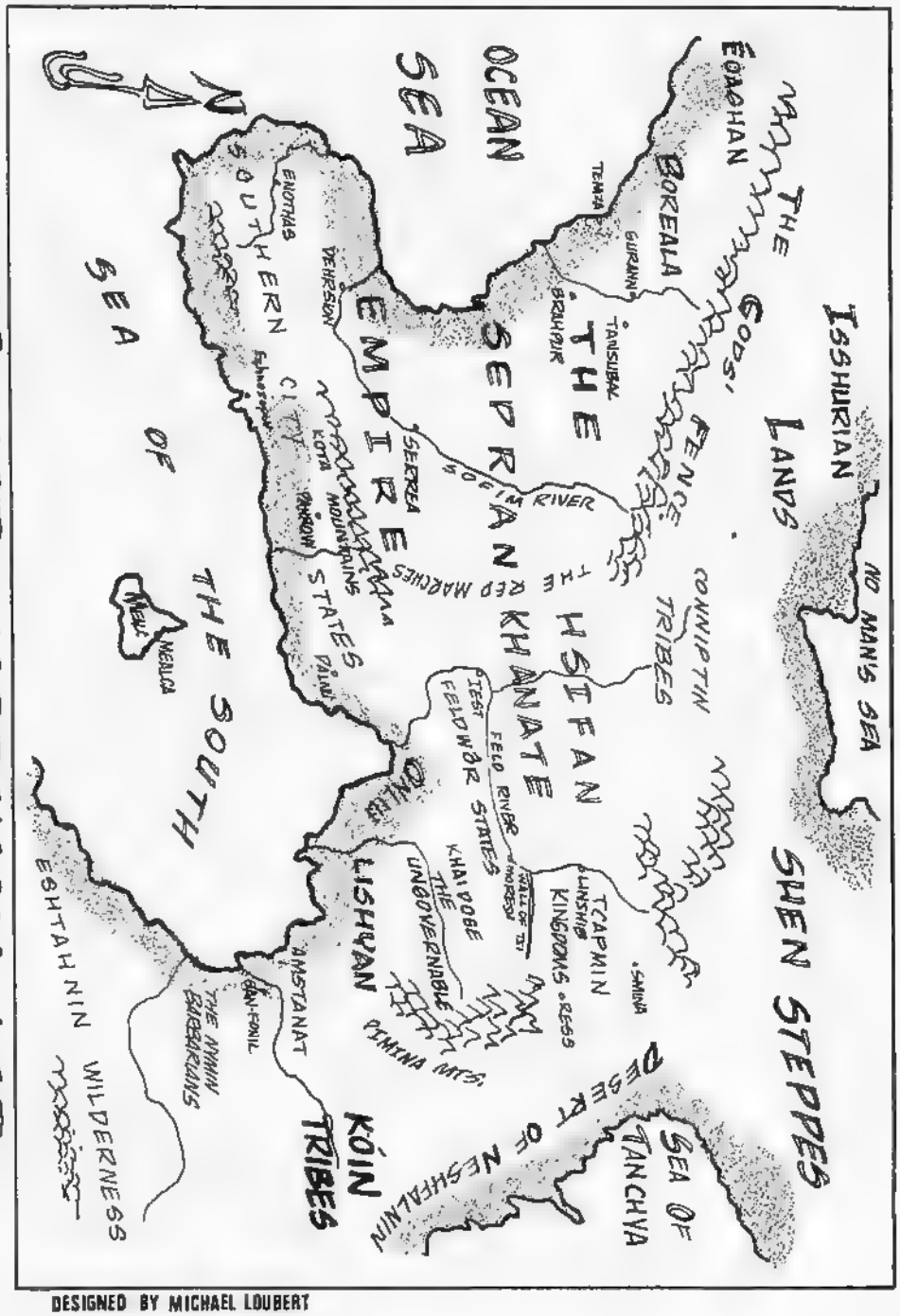
Map
of the
Aardvarkian Age

The map of Cerebus' world was designed by Michael Loubert (Deni's brother) who created all the place names as well. It appeared in Cerebus No. 3 through No. 10.



DESIGNED BY MICHAEL LOUBERT

CEREBUS
bi-weekly
February 24, 1989

This is the original letters page to Cerebus No. 7

AARDVARK COMMENT

KITCHENER-ONTARIO N2G 1W5

Dave:

Really enjoy your Cerebus book, the best being No. 4. Like Denise said on the inside front cover, your art is really getting better. To tell the truth, I never cared much for your work in Dark Fantasy, but I think your Cerebus is where it's at. Your style has much improved and your backgrounds and use of zip-a-tone are very well done.

I'm also a big fan of Moorcock's Eternal Champions. How about a book with Corum and Cerebus. Something to think about!

Also do you wish to sell any of your Cerebus pages, particularly the ones in issue No. 4. Keep Cerebus going strong and thanks for the laughs Cerebus gives me.

Larry Gay
RR 2 Box 164B
Germantown, Ohio

By now, I think I could have sold every page from No. 4 about three times over. Fortunately, there is now a new Elrod story pages are available from. Anyone wishing to order any of the pages from this issue can write to me. Enclose $20.00 for each page and please list alternates.

Dear Dave; Deni; Cerebus!

The duck is dead; Long live the Aardvark!

At last the true comingling of the horror and humour of life, all enwrapped in the unconquerable, fierce spirit of the determined individualist. Vive Cerebus!

Artwork gets "A". I enjoy the cartoonic simplicity of our Earth-pig, contrasted as it is against the more grimly realistic secondary characters and backgrounds.

Stories get "A+". Well crafted plot lines carry the reader far beyond the mere satire into a realm of fabulous adventure.

Question: May we please have subtle hints, or an outright issue, about Cerebus' origin?

Suggestion: Captioner — please stop making "P's" that look like "D's" and vice versa.

Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!

David A. Holt
1966 Main West No. 1108
Hamilton, Ontario 18S 1J6

Coincidentally enough, we are presently in the planning stages of a book entitled **The Aardvarkian Age** by Michael Loubert and myself which will finally tear the lid off the Earth-pig's origin, as well as giving information on the world he lives in. As to your suggestion, practice make perfect, so I'll just keed trying.

Dear Dave & Denise,

I thoroughly enjoyed the first five issues of **Cerebus**. Yet, as for No. 6, well to put it bluntly, it broke my wittle heart! Must it end this way!?! PLEASE, oh please bring Cerebus' memory of navels and apricot brandy back. I'd love to see the aardvark and Jaka live adventurously ever after.

In addition, I'd like to say that I think Dave's art is developing into some of the best in comic art today. Keep up the good work and I'll be glad to continue carrying **Cerebus** in our store.

The Great Escape
2433 Bardstown Road,
Louisville, KY.

The jury is still out on whether or not Cerebus and Jaka will get back together (the jury being me) — but you can count on the fact that there's a little of the Toast of last stuck in the back of the Earth-pig's mind. Only time will tell what happens from that.

Notes

Die-hard Cerebus fanatics should start saving their nickels for the end of December. That's when the Earth-pig makes his first appearance outside of these pages in a six page story entitled "Demonhorn". The publication is Tim Caldwell's new 64 page NUCLEUS comic book. Chronologically, the story takes place between issue 5's "Bran Mak Muffin" and 6's "The Secret". It can be had for 1.50 plus .25 postage from NUCLEUS, Wyandotte, Michigan, 48192.

GREAT WASTERS FROM HISTORY NOT COUNTING DAVE SIM

No.1. JACK MYTTON 1796 - 1834 - the Single Page Version -

Mytton was said to be half mad without a drink and quite mad with one.

He was a Master of Foxhounds in Shropshire, England. His pack was terrible as he was too impatient to be a hound breeder.

It was also too time consuming to hunt a wild fox. He'd buy a couple and break between the two for luncheon at an Inn.

..after which he was usually incapable of staying on his horse.

More interested in feats of bravery, he once drove his gig at a turnpike gate to see if the leader could jump.

He once went duck-shooting on a sheet of ice clad only in his night shirt so as to keep his clothes dry -

He was constantly involved in fights and always started them

A wealthy and generous man, he generally gave his defeated opponent ten shillings

He fought dogs too. His effective method was to clamp his teeth over the dog's nose.

He liked dressing up as a highwayman and robbing his guests as they rode home after dinner.

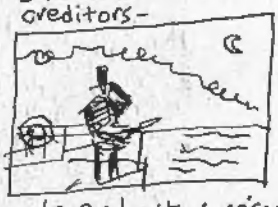
He once terrified his guests by riding in full hunting costume upon his pet bear into the drawing room. It bit him on the leg

From about 1822 after the death of his first wife he was drinking 7 bottles of port a day

Heading for debt he was advised to keep his spending to 6,000 pounds a year

An incurable womaniser he once sent a singer a cheque for 500 pounds for her favours -

By 1830 he'd had to sell all his hounds, racehorses and land. He fled to France just ahead of his creditors -



He had an attack of hiccups which he tried to frighten away by setting fire to his nightshirt -

He might have recovered from the burning but he took to brandy to deaden the pain.

Persuaded to return to England to sign some legal papers, in his muddled state he went and was arrested.

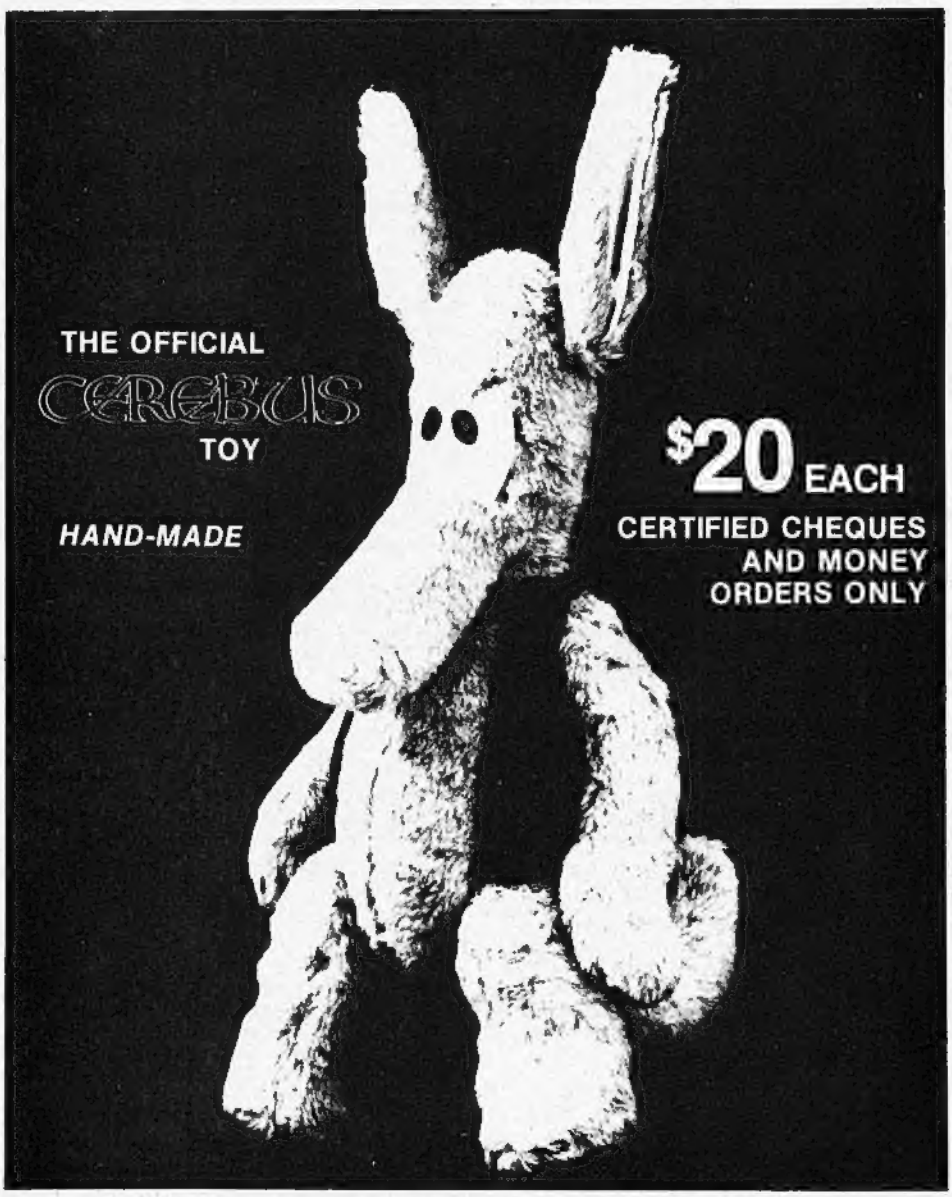
In and out of prison over the next few years, he died ill and only intermittently sane, aged 37. 3,000 attended his funeral —

Eddie Campbell Dec 88

CEREBUS
bi-weekly
February 24, 1989

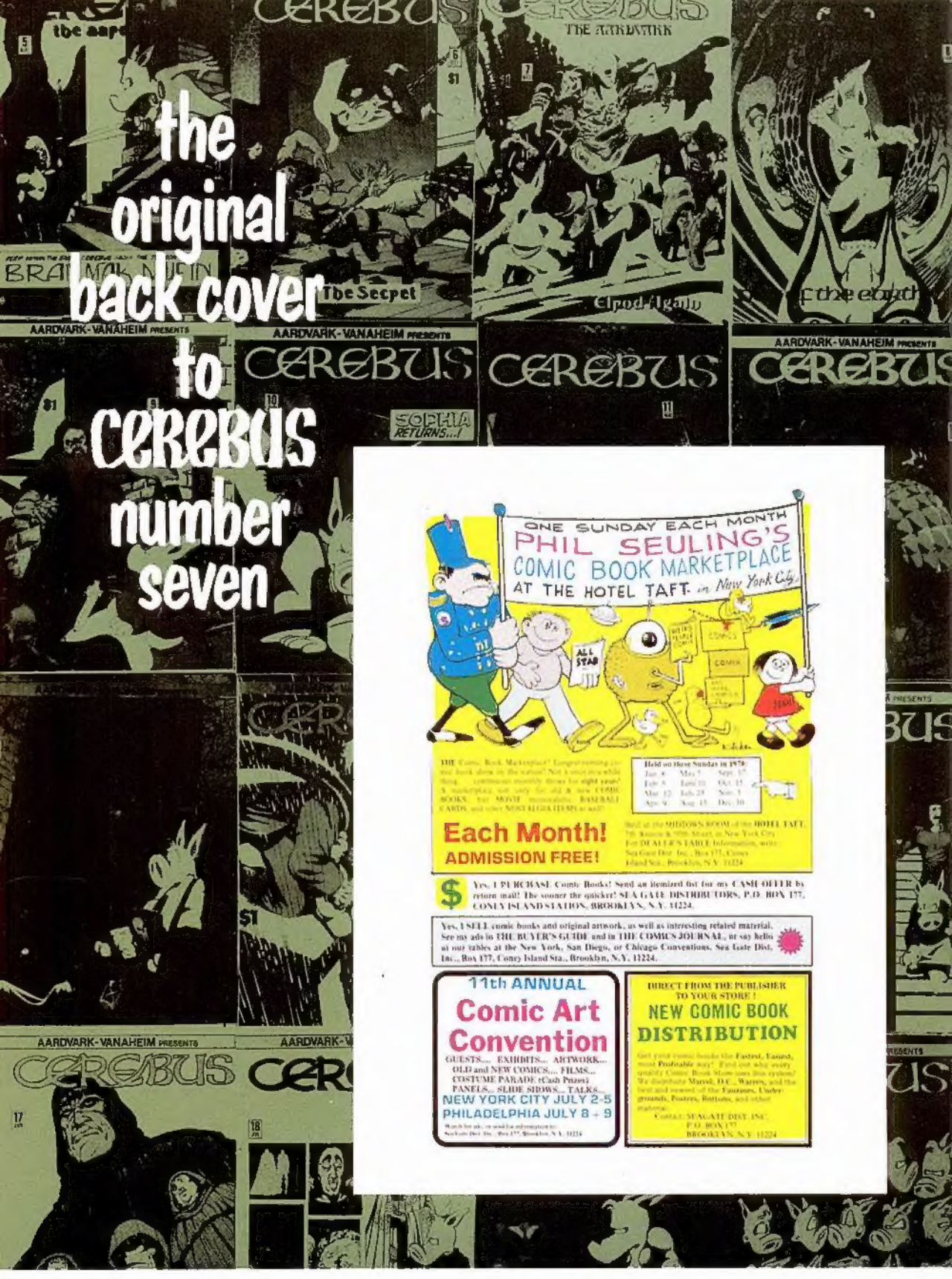
This advertisement appeared as the Inside Back Cover of Cerebus No. 7

SARAH HITCHENS



KITCHENER ONTARIO

the original back cover to cerebus number seven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